

tinues to hold a real place in my affections. We are all friends. No one would ride by, leaving an unfortunate member on the ground or a horse running loose. Some of the old-guard members still turn out, but the majority are younger people, and every one of them so thoughtful of me and seeking my approval for every decision. Meeting with them renews my youthful spirit. I have been Joint Master with several good friends: Mr. Frank Proctor, who succeeded Mr. Jarvis; and now Mr. Clifford Sifton. Sometimes three generations of a family have hunted with us.

One morning two of my grandsons were following the horses in the station waggon. They parked at a point where we jumped a fence into the road. As I came over I noticed some lively chatter and laughter out of the corner of my eye. Later I asked the chauffeur what the joke was. He replied, "Master John said, 'Grannie doesn't do badly for an old lady, does she?'" It was a compliment in its way, and I was grateful.

The business of running *Eaton Hall Farm* has always been one of my lively concerns. We have been fortunate in our farm superintendents—first Mr. Peter Whytock, and now Mr. Gerald Walker, both of them outstanding in their knowledge and application of it to the practical development of a large property.

Away back when the farm was a new venture with us, we had started with a few Holstein-Friesians. When my husband was away in Florida, recovering from an attack of laryngitis, the farm manager asked permission to buy a nine-months-old pedigreed bull, suddenly available. It was so costly that Walter Wily advised me to be cautious. My answer was that we needed the bull in order to build up our herd; therefore we ought to buy him. Walter said, "But how can I explain to Sir John when he gets back?" I replied: "If I asked him to give me a diamond tiara he would do it, so just tell him I'd rather have the bull." So,

from the day he arrived, the animal was nicknamed "Tiara".

We have won many prizes for our stock, and in 1955 I was presented with a championship shield as the only woman breeder in Ontario. One of our great milk producers was of the famous "Rag Apple" breed, a cow known to us all as Susie. Nobody could ever look at her contours without being vastly impressed, and I remember how Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone stood and gazed at her when we made the rounds of the stables one day. For years after, Her Royal Highness would ask me, during our visits together in London, "How is Susie?"

Loving horses, and realizing I could not continue to hunt forever, I consulted Mr. Walker and our groom, Bob Hollingsworth, about the possibility of breeding a hunter class horse. They were as enthusiastic as I was, and so we were launched. One of my breeder friends only the other day remarked how extremely fortunate we have been with only three or four mares, for we now have a complete hunt team of our own breeding, and have accumulated numerous prizes. Our hunters are from a thoroughbred dam or mare, bred to a quarter- or half-bred stallion—or sometimes in reverse order. They have good bone and are an excellent type for a big hunting country like ours in southern Ontario.

Nearly every year we have groups of breeders and other guests at *Eaton Hall* during the Royal Winter Fair season. I have been an honorary director of the Fair for some time, and find my associations there stimulating, and educational too when I can go back to the farm and discuss trends and developments with Mr. Walker.

One of my special interests in recent years has been the Canadian theatre. Drama and the stage have always delighted me as a study, and probably some of my early lore came from Mrs. Timothy Eaton, who was a talented amateur actress with a phenomenal gift for memorizing. In

the long-ago nineteen-hundreds I have seen her in Shakespearean roles in the theatre of the academy she founded, the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. Mr. Eaton had built a lovely, small copy of a Greek theatre on North Street, near the corner of the present Bloor and Bay Streets; this was the school headquarters and was under the direction of Mrs. Emma Scott-Raff (later Mrs. George Nasmith).

My first love among the arts is and always has been music, and in Toronto we can rejoice over the fact that we do have opportunities to hear much fine music year by year. But for years after the ascendancy of the movies, the legitimate theatre languished, until hard-working amateurs themselves took a hand and gave the public once more an opportunity to see live players in performance. In Stratford, Ont., Tom Patterson's fulfilled dream has been the crowning achievement, and the ultimate proof of how important these little theatre groups were, and how worthwhile were their early struggles. What gladdens my soul is that the Stratford Shakespearean Festival has become far more than the town's or the Province's or Canada's enterprise, but belongs to the world of imaginative people everywhere; it spreads before them each year a feast of art to which they can look forward confidently.

Out of the Stratford Festival has developed the Canadian Players, a touring company doing outstanding plays with the minimum of expense. I have been happy to serve as a member of their governing body. Tom Patterson's wife, Robin, took on the heavy job of managing this pioneering group, and with her is Miss Laurel Crosbie. Never were two more intrepid and enthusiastic managers! They have taken their fine troupers into the remote towns and villages in the western U. S. and Canada and through northern Ontario, driven their station waggon over thousands of miles to arrange bookings, inspect halls or auditoriums or whatever facilities might be used, and so splendid is their work and the quality of the Canadian Players' per-

formance that wherever they have once been, they are wanted back again. In this way new audiences are being created for the Stratford Festival, and indeed for any fine theatre; young artists are being employed, trained and held together for the further improvement of their work in their chosen field. Efforts of this kind, which as I well know would have been scoffed at as impossible in Canada a quarter of a century ago, are going to expand the horizon for all the arts among our people, and I for one have felt very honoured to be asked to help advance this cause.

I suppose I should admit that one of my favourite occupations is travelling. My lifetime delight in going places and seeing old friends and meeting new ones has been accelerated in recent years since air travel has become everywhere available. I seldom get into one of the comfortable big planes without remembering my first experience off the ground. It began in Muskoka, where the famous Billy Bishop, V.C., (Jack's niece's husband) and his equally famous flying friend, Colonel Billy Barker, had started an air service to Toronto. This was a year or two after the First War, when "crates", as the machines were called, were crates indeed! My husband was in Toronto, and for some reason I had decided I must get to the city quickly. Colonel Bishop said he would take me. The plane was equipped with pontoons and I boarded it at our *Kawandag* dock, after leaving word that Sir John was to be telephoned and asked to meet me with the car. I sat in the open cockpit for almost two hours as we made our "lightning" trip to the city. Jack was waiting for me at the Toronto waterfront, and never have I seen a more perturbed husband! "You, a mother of five children, risking your life in a thing like that!" On the way up Yonge Street, his driving was so erratic that I finally burst out, "Look, dear, I may have been taking a risk when I went in the plane, but that was nothing compared to the danger I am in right now!" He

couldn't help laughing and so the tension eased, and he drove to *Ardwold* in his usual careful manner.

Today I feel perfectly at home in an air liner, and I find an extra thrill in getting to my destination quickly. It points up the interesting variations in atmosphere, people and landscape. I remember how one morning, with a group of friends I left the comfortable modern hotel in Helsinki (where I had been attending the Olympic Games) and flew straight north into the Arctic Circle. We looked down on herds of reindeer feeding, and occasionally passed over Laplanders' villages. That night we were again in our formal clothes, going to a diplomat's cocktail party in the Finnish capital.

When I travel to a place already familiar to me, it gives me special pleasure to have a friend along who is new to the experience; through her eyes I can recapture my original impressions. My first postwar trip to Italy with my grandniece, Mary Mulligan, when she was just fresh from her university graduation, gave me a delightful sense of re-discovering the history and beauty of that land. One day when we were tired and hungry after a morning's sight-seeing we stopped at the simple, tiny inn near the stone quarries outside of Florence; the lunch was good, but there was food for the imagination too, as we learned that this workman's eating place dated back to the days of Leonardo da Vinci. The quarries we could see from our table on the strip of pavement had been supplying building materials for the palaces and villas of Florence for hundreds of years.

Madame Jeanne Pengelly, one of Toronto's fine singers, was my companion for the gala reopening of the Vienna Opera House in the fall of 1955. I was retracing steps of many years before, but it sharpened my perception of everything to have Madame Pengelly with me. The cream and gold interior of the Opera House had been kept, but the huge sparkling chandeliers had been removed, in order to give greater visibility of the stage to all parts of the house. The "royal" red seats of Emperor Franz Joseph's day had

been replaced by a much darker crimson—and of course the most arresting development of all was the glassed-in radio and TV broadcasting room built above a tier of boxes.

Vienna was in high festival mood that week. Our hotel, the Park, was located on the outskirts of the city, which meant a fair drive to the Opera House every evening. Each night those streets were thronged with people, watching and cheering as the cars went by; it was like the turnout for a Royal wedding in England. And no wonder! That beautiful old city had been through years of oppression, occupation, and art-starvation; this moment was like a rebirth. Everywhere—at the hotels, at Sacher's for lunch, in the sidewalk cafes, the Viennese people welcomed the visitors from far places with open arms. The glitter of the scene inside the Opera House on those first few nights, the pure glory of the voices in *Fidelio* and *Don Giovanni*, and the triumphant climaxes of the orchestra seemed to break through the walls of the building and engulf the whole city.

Another trip stands out in my memory. With my good friend, Mrs. Dorothy Homuth, I toured the Near East, and we had been wise in planning our itinerary to include the great Easter festivities in Athens. We watched the King of Greece inspect his guard of *evzones*—wearing their amazing uniforms of skirts, hose-tights, embroidered jackets, turned-up ballet shoes. In front of the Armouries a huge charcoal grill, almost 20 yards long, had been set up, and over this whole lambs were roasting. The smell, in the crisp air of a spring morning in Athens, was utterly delectable! In solemn ceremony the King, after inspecting his *evzones*, accepted and ate the symbolic foods of the occasion: a bit of lamb, a hard-cooked egg, bread and salt; then he drank a health with a sweeping gesture that included his soldiers and all the onlookers. Before departing he spoke briefly, charmingly, inviting everyone to come forward and share in this traditional feast of Easter. As I never particularly like to rush to the front on such occasions,

I suppose it looked as if Mrs. Homuth and I were making up our minds about the invitation; at any rate, a handsome young officer sought us out, led us to chairs beside the King's canopy, and brought us plates and "picks" with which to eat the various delicacies. It was a delightful and unique occasion.

Mrs. Homuth and I enjoyed a trip to the American Southwest one year recently, and when we were making a leisurely return via Vancouver, we both confessed to a strong temptation to "run up" to the Yukon to see Mrs. George Black. She is the fine woman who sat in our House of Commons in Ottawa, representing her husband's constituency during his years of illness; both of them were popular figures in the life of the Capital for many years.

The idea no sooner occurred to us than we began to put it into operation. We flew north, and from our hotel in Whitehorse we telephoned Mrs. Black who was delighted to know we had come all that way to see her. Would we come to her house a little before four o'clock that afternoon? She wanted to gather some of her friends to meet us.

At a little before four, as instructed, we arrived. Martha Black was her usual charming self, full of wit and sparkle; her husband greeted us warmly too, and then left us to our feminine gossip. But I could see that Mrs. Black had something on her mind.

"Lady Eaton," she began, "in the old days I remember that your family was noted for its temperance principles."

"That is true, Mrs. Black," I said.

"Do you yourself still adhere strictly to those principles? Or do you use a little stimulant now and then?"

I answered truthfully that I did occasionally in these later years enjoy refreshment of the kind mentioned.

At which Mrs. Black turned toward the archway and called to her husband, "George, bring in the rye! The girls drink."

So we had some agreeable fortification before the tea-party began. It was a lovely visit, and the pleasure of seeing

Mrs. Black in her own Yukon setting, among her good friends, some young, some older ones who had been pioneers along with the redoubtable Martha in the early days, more than justified our sudden impulse in Vancouver.

Several times I have had to move among academic dignitaries and deliver an address from a convocation platform. Four universities have been generous enough to confer honorary degrees on me: University of Toronto, McGill University, University of Western Ontario, and Bishop's University at Lennoxville, P.Q. The occasion at McGill, in particular, was interesting, for I was guest of the University for an entire day, as the program included the formal opening ceremony of the Eaton Electronics Research Laboratory, and this was an impressive part of McGill's Founder's Day celebrations.

When the University of Toronto summoned me for convocation, I was unable to appear, as I was laid up with a heavy cold. The following week, however, Dr. Cody, then President, asked me to attend when the medical school graduates were receiving their degrees, and so this became, for me, a rather special honour, in addition to the generous act of the University. I said so too, when I faced those rows upon rows of keen, bright-eyed faces in Convocation Hall, and I stated that to a woman who had received partial training as a nurse, and who had spent many years in simple alleviation of cuts, bruises, colds and measles among her growing family, it seemed fitting that I should receive my citation among representatives of the medical profession. Although the honour conferred made me a "doctor of law", it was quite likely, I said, that my household would prefer a dose of my medicine rather than my law.

As I look backward I hear again the Scripture lesson read by a young minister from our Omemee pulpit. It was from Chapter XII, Ecclesiastes, and begins: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil

days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." In poetic language it describes the dimming of our sight, our hearing, and even the wearing-down of our molars. It is a chapter I find worth re-reading often. It reminds me that the years do add up, but it also helps me rejoice that I can still enjoy them. Sometimes I wonder why I am tired; I used not to be. Thanks to Dr. M. K. Bochner, who has operated on both my eyes, I still have perfect sight with glasses. My ears are almost too keen, for frequently I hear things not intended for me. I do without a few foods I once liked, for the good of my health, but I'm always ready nevertheless for an adventure in eating. I think I must have something of youth in my heart, for I find I am great friends with little children, young boys and girls and newly married people. I still love the outdoors, the wild life, the birds and flowers, a campfire and food cooked over it. And I am still happy to report that along the highways and byways that I have travelled, I have found more persons who have been helpful, gentle, lovable, than any other kind.

CHAPTER XIII

LIKE ANY OTHER big happy family, we love our Christmases, and last year everyone present acclaimed our program at *Eaton Hall* "the best ever". For you, my youngest grandchildren, who were perhaps too tiny to retain a memory of it, I would like to record our 1955 Christmas while all the events remain fresh and vivid in my mind.

For many years we have opened our festive season with a solemn service of devotion to God. We began at *Ardwold* when **Rev. Dr. Trevor Davies** was pastor of Timothy Eaton Memorial Church. Communion was celebrated at eight o'clock in the morning, for family, staff, and some of our intimate friends. Dr. Charles Peaker played the organ for us and we always took a collection for some charitable purpose. Later in the morning we had the pleasure of welcoming the Salvation Army band which came to us regularly for many years and gave us some fine sacred music on their horns and trumpets in the Great Hall.

When we moved out to the country we continued with our Christmas Communion, but fixing it at a time convenient for the ministers, organist and quartet, and at an hour of the day when our staff families would find it possible to leave their small children and be with us. So, at the end of each September, I consult my pastor and the organist, and generally we are able to arrange to hold the service some time in the two weeks before Christmas and at eight o'clock in the evening.

The Christmas trees outdoors are decorated with lights, and everything within is prepared. The Crèche figures,

POSTSCRIPT

SINCE I FINISHED writing my memoirs I have been deeply impressed with the passing of time. I find it is much later than I thought.

In hardly more than a month, five men, all of whom had been in their individual ways important in my life, have passed on. W. Ashton Dean, who had served in the Navy in the First World War, I had known since childhood; he was a personal friend and a valued executive of Eaton's. His summer vacation and his life ended on the same day. I am sure he would have had it so, and would have said with the poet, "And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea."

R. Y. Eaton, former Eaton's President, had lived to celebrate his eighty-first birthday. He had been spending his summer vacation with his family on Georgian Bay, enjoying his chief relaxation, fishing, during that last week. He had been reminiscing happily with his wife and others that evening. Good-nights were said, and "at even, ere the sun was set," his life ended quietly.

Billy Bishop, who was my nephew by marriage, slept peacefully away. He was one of that valiant band who explored the mysteries of flight and air combat during the First World War. He went away to war a young, gay lad of nineteen. He came out of it in four years a mature man mentally, and aged physically by at least twenty-five years. Nothing like the exploits of his war years can happen again. He flew alone with no cover to his plane, no "Mae West" belt, no oxygen except what he could take from the air

around him, no communication with the ground or other planes. It has been said of him, "We shall not see his like again." He received every medal his sovereign could bestow for courage and valour. Some said Billy Bishop had a charmed life. One of his propellers was pierced by a bullet; another time his tunic was burned by a machine-gun bullet; on a third occasion a shot ripped through the top of his woollen cap. Yet he was never wounded in action.

With so many other Canadians I followed his record during those war years. I was glad and proud that I knew him. As the years rolled by we became close friends, and, while I had heard of his brave feats first hand, I confess they became dim in association with the lovable human being that he was. Billy and his devoted wife are two of the people in my life who never failed to make me feel that I was important to them. I cannot let his glorious record pass without this brief word now. I wonder, also, how we in Canada are going to keep fresh the memory of his greatness, and preserve that spirit of courage, patriotism, and those qualities of mind and heart, as a shining example for the youth who never knew his deeds.

Billy Barker was another Canadian ace who proudly wore the Victoria Cross. He lost his life after the war in a plane accident. He, too, was a close friend of mine, and the recent death of his companion, Billy Bishop, renews the memory of Barker's magnificent record.

Geoffrey O'Brian was another of that remarkable group of young airmen in those 1914-18 days. He passed away a day or two after Billy Bishop. He, too, was one of the young men whom my children and I knew well as a flyer both military and civil, and as a teacher at St. Andrew's College. When Sir Malcolm Campbell was due to race Gar Wood on the Detroit River, my eldest son asked me to fly up with him and one of his friends. Geoff O'Brian was our pilot.

From the leadership these men gave in their youth grew the Air Force of today. It was to such as these that Winston Churchill paid his tribute following the Battle

of Britain: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." My own feeling is that in a very short space of time many of the chapters of my life have been closed by the passing of these fine friends.

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Memory's Wall

WAS SET IN LINOTYPE BASKERVILLE 12 ON 13, PRINTED AND BOUND

BY MCCORQUODALE AND BLADES (PRINTERS) LIMITED

JACKET DESIGN BY DAVID HALL-HUMPHERSON



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